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TO THE MOON.

O moon, bright moon! In thine effulgent light,
The star fair pale, there art so fair and bright.
Like reaper's scythe thou bendest in the sky
Over myriad human forms that death thee lie.

Thou comest first a slender are of gold,
As days advance so waxest thou more bold,
Until thy mirror hung in Heaven's blue,
On twinkling stars will thy face shines through.

And beams and smiles, while all the earth below
Reflects thy laugh, and Inspiration's flow
Falls soft from winking tongues, and fraught ob-
trudes

The sweet serenity, save lowest moods.
—Nina Pictor in Boston Courier

A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a brave soldier named John. After passing eight years in the army, according to the requirements of the law, he re-enlisted for eight years, and then for eight years more. At the end of these twenty-four years he was discharged, and he left his regiment, carrying with him a pound of bread and six pennies, all the property that he possessed in the world.

"Yes," he said to himself as he walked along the highway; "a pound of bread and six pennies, that is what I have gained by serving the king twenty-four years. But, I am in God's hands! What is the use in finding fault? I shall only work myself into a passion."

A little further on a poor old beggar man stopped him and asked for charity.

"What can I give you?" replied John. "I, who have served the king twenty-four years and have gained only a pound of bread and six pennies."

But the beggar insisted, and the charitable John took his knife and cut the bread in two pieces and divided it and his pennies with the old man.

The beggar ate his half of the loaf greedily, and when he had finished he disappeared.

"Since you possess a generous heart and have shared with me all that you have in the world, I will grant you one wish. What do you desire?

"My bag here is empty," replied John. "I desire that to be able to make anything enter it that I choose."

"So be it," said the old man, and he disappeared.

A short time afterward, as John was passing through a town, he saw in a shop a loaf of bread as white as snow and an appetizing sausage.

"Into my bag!" he cried.

Immediately the bread rolled towards him like a cartwheel, and the sausage glided along like a snake.

The owner of the shop and his son ran after the man who had carried off their property in this strange fashion; but John, having a ferocious appetite, had already devoured all that which had so promptly entered the bag.

When evening came he reached a city where he meant to pass the night, and, meeting a man, he asked where he could find a lodging place.

"I am only a poor soldier," he said; "I have served the king for twenty-four years, and I have gained only a pound of bread and six pennies."

"I can lodge you," replied the man whom he had addressed, "in a beautiful house, where no one dares to enter, because it is haunted by a frightful ghost. If you are not afraid, you can be very comfortable there. You will find an excellent supper all prepared, for this man, who returns every night to his former dwelling, was very rich."

"That is good," cried John, "I desire nothing better than such a lodging. I am not afraid. The house pleases me."

And he entered the abandoned building, and to his joy he found the cellar well stocked with choice wines and the dining table spread with an abundant feast.

To fortify himself against any nocturnal apparitions, after lighting a candle, he ate a hearty supper and drank freely of the wine.

As he was thus agreeably occupied, he heard a voice calling down the chimney:

"Shall I tumble down?"

"Tumble down if you wish to," replied John, a little excited by the wine that he had taken. "A soldier who has served the king for twenty-four years to gain a pound of bread and six pennies has nothing to fear."

At the same instant he saw the leg of a man fall upon the floor.

"Do you want to be buried?" asked the soldier, emptying another glass of wine.

With one of its toes the leg made a negative sign.

Again the voice cried from the chimney:

"Shall I tumble down?"

"Tumble, if you wish to," replied John, a little excited by the wine that he had taken. "A soldier who has served the king for twenty-four years to gain a pound of bread and six pennies has nothing to fear."

Then he saw come tumbling down the chimney second leg, then the trunk and arms, and finally a head which adjusted itself upon these members, which joined each other, and a man appeared standing before him. "John," said a voice, which could not be heard without a feeling of terror, "I see that you are brave."

"That is true," replied John. "I fear nothing. Why, what can one fear who has served the king twenty-four years for a pound of bread and six pennies?"

"Do not trouble yourself about your poverty. If you will do what I desire, to save my soul, you shall be rich. Will you do it?"

"Certainly. I am ready to tie your limbs together so that they cannot separate, if you wish."

"Oh, no. I assure you I am all right," replied the soldier.

"Well, then, follow me."

John rose and took the candle. But the ghost extended its arm and extinguished it. There was no need of it, for the two eyes of the supernatural being shone like two burning coals.

It led John to the cellar and there said to him:

"Take this spade and dig up the earth at that spot."

"Dig yourself, if you wish," replied John. "I served the king twenty-four years to gain a pound of bread and six

pennies. I have no desire to serve another master, who will, perhaps, not give me even that."

The specter took the shovel, dug the earth and drew out successively three heavy jars.

"Here is a jar filled with pieces of copper coin," it said to John. "You will distribute those to the poor. This one, filled with silver, you will expend in masses for my soul. The third, filled with gold, shall be yours if you promise me to faithfully make use of the two others as I have told you to."

"You need have no fears," replied John. "To gain a pound of bread and six pennies I served the king faithfully for twenty-four years; and, for the compensation you offer me, shall I not respect your wishes?"

With a sigh of relief the specter disappeared. John scrupulously carried out the wishes of his ghostly visitor, and with the sun given to him, he bought a large estate.

But the evil one was enraged at seeing this soul, which he had believed was his own, saved by the prayers of the poor and of the church, and he determined to revenge himself upon John.

A little imp, very shrewd and very cunning, promised to bring the guilty one to him, and one morning he started out and found the soldier sitting tranquilly in his garden.

"Good morning, soldier John," he said.

"Good morning, my little man. You are very plain, upon my word. It really makes me laugh to look at you. Will you smoke?"

"No I do not smoke."

"Have a glass of wine then."

"No, I do not drink."

"What have you come here for, then?"

"To take you away with me."

"All right, I will make no objection that I have not served for four and twenty years to retreat before an enemy as small as you are. John, the soldier, fear nothing. But for the long journey on which you propose to take me, I must purchase some provisions. While I go to seek them amuse yourself by climbing up into that apple tree and picking some of the beautiful fruit."

The imp, who was a little gourmand, hastened to profit by this invitation. John presently returned holding in his hand his instrument of safety, and cried:

"Into my bag!"

Howling and making frightful contortions, the little imp was forced to enter the terrible bag.

John took an iron bar and began pounding the captive, and did not leave until he had broken every bone in his body. Then he let him go.

The evil one was in a frightful rage when he saw the condition of his favorite.

"By the horns of the moon," he cried, "this proud soldier shall pay for all this I will go and get him myself."

John, who expected this visit, stood at the door of his house with his bag in his hand, and as soon as he saw the evil one appear he said quietly to him:

"You know that I fear nothing."

"We will see about that," replied the evil one, advancing toward him with great flames flashing from his eyes.

"Into the bag!" cried John.

The evil one vainly attempted to escape. He fought and struggled. It was of no use. Into the bag he had to go. John took a heavy hammer and struck him with all his force, and kept beating until his captive was as thin as a sheet of paper.

When he was worn out by fatigue he said:

"There, that will do for today; but recollect, if you ever dare to return, as surely as I served the king for twenty-four years for a pound of bread and six pennies, I will tear off your tail, your horns and your claws, and we will then see whether I am afraid of you or not."

When the inhabitants of the evil regions saw their chief return in this pitiable condition they set up a howl of rage.

"What is to be done?" they cried.

"We must have locksmiths come," replied the evil one, "and put locks on all our doors, and masons to brick up all the openings, so that this abominable John can never get in here."

John had no desire to go in that direction. When he felt that his time had come he took his sack in his hand and walked to the gates of paradise.

At the entrance stood a guardian angel.

"Where are you going, friend?" asked the angel.

"You shall see," replied the soldier, quietly. "Let me enter."

"Not every one who wishes can enter here. Let me see what are your merits."

"I served the king twenty-four years for a pound of bread and six pennies. Is not that a sufficiently good action? What do you think?"

"Ah! that is not sufficient."

"Ah! that is not sufficient? We will see."

As he spoke the old soldier advanced reluctantly.

The angel stopped him.

"Into my bag!" cried John.

"Oh! John," said the guardian of paradise, "think of the respect you owe me."

"Into my bag!" repeated John.

"Think," continued the angel, "the gates of paradise are open, and there is no one to guard them, and every one can enter."

"That is precisely what I desire," replied the soldier, entering with head.

"Do you think that an old soldier, who for a pound of bread and six pennies served the king twenty-four years, does not deserve a place here?" —Boston Globe.

Rough on Rodents.

Mr. Nulliwedde—What do you think, darling? I found a great big rat dying in the cellar this morning.

Mrs. Nulliwedde—The poor thing! And not a bit of poison in the house, not even anything to eat left out of the safe except a little bit of my cake that I forgot to put away.

Mr. N. (cruelly)—That accounts for the fatality. Leave some more cake lying around.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

I got a shot at him, and he made off.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Claud in their night gowns, clean and white, The children come to say "good night."

"Father, good night," says Marjory.

Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kitty, Harry next,

And baby, till I felt perplexed,

Wishing the last good night was salt,

And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unawares;

I hear their call, when safe upstairs,

As I sit down to read or write,

"Father, we want to say good night!"

The book or pen is laid aside;

I find them lying open eyed,

Five rosy rebels, girls and boys

Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I stern with such as these?

Charming ways and folks dispense!

They hold, and search will let me go,

And all because they love me so.

Then in a vision suddenly

The future seems unveiled to me!

It is my turn, though all in vain,

To long to say "good night" again.

I see the years stretch on and on,

The children all grow up and gone;

No chamber echoes to their tread,

The last good night has long been said,

And by his fireside desolate,

An old man sits, resigned to wait,

Recalling joys that used to be,

And faces that may see good night!

Therefore, what bliss is mine that now

I still can smooth each fair young brow,

And feel the arms that clasp my right,

The lips that kiss the last good night!

—J. R. Eastwood in Quiver.

MAULED BY A BEAR.

Perhaps the most of us associate the idea of a bear with the grizzly of the Rockies or the fierce denizen of Polar regions. All the same, the Indian specimen, as the following will show, is by no means to be despised.

He is of two kinds—one the red brown bear of Cashmere, a native of the Himalayas, living chiefly about the snow line, which he ranges at an altitude of 15,000 feet; the other is the black bear, found on lower slopes, where he haunts walnut and apricot trees, and is partial to honey. He is found also in the table land of southern India, in the jungles of the semi-tropical jungles of southern India that the following much more serious adventure befell me, nearly putting an end to me altogether and leaving a gash two inches deep down my thigh for life.

We were a party of two or three, shooting in a vast jungle on the banks of a river, and found plenty of sambar deer, leopards, and a few bears.

We beat the jungle by means of a small army of coolies, the sportsmen stationing themselves at likely spots for the game to break cover. A very large black bear lumbered past within shot of me. I missed him, and he disappeared into the jungle.

Before I had time to pursue him, however, the bear, headed back by the beaters, came down the path straight towards me, and in a terrible rage stalked along on his hind legs as he approached me.